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Literature

A Notable Irishman*

ARTHUR KAVANAGH of Borris, County Carlow, Ireland, was certainly one of the most singular and admirable men of the century. Born with arms that ceased above the elbows and legs that did not reach the knees,—this torso of a man, by the sheer force of an indomitable will and a marvellously keen and clear mind, lived a youth of travel and adventure, a manhood of public and private benevolence, activity and dignity, and an old age of sturdy conflict with what he considered dangerous agrarian doctrines and a disloyal political party.

By birth Mr. Kavanagh was the lineal representative of the old Kings of Leinster. The family genealogy, indeed, as certified by Burke, begins in prehistoric times, with Fenuisa, a Scythian prince, B.C. 2000. In his house at Borris were many heirlooms of unknown antiquity,—the so-called Charter Horn, for instance, from which the Kings were wont to drink to pledge the making of a treaty.

When only sixteen years old, Kavanagh, who was the youngest of three sons, spent three years travelling through Egypt and Palestine. On his return, with his eldest brother, he started for the East, through Russia, down the Volga, through Persia and Kourdistan to India. In India his brother fell ill and died suddenly, leaving him penniless and without friends. Here for a time he supported himself as a carrier of despatches, until he was given a position in the Survey Department, and at the end of a year he was able to return to Ireland. In a short time his second brother died, and Arthur Kavanagh came into possession of the family estates.

These early adventures are told very briefly and with much reserve. The stories told by Mr. Kavanagh's friends at Borris, however, are full of romance. The boy was said to have been hated by his mother on account of his deformity. He had also incurred the enmity of the land-agent, whom he had detected in oppressive dealings with the tenants, and this long and dangerous journey was thought to have been promoted with a sinister design. His letters home from India were said to have been disregarded and left unanswered. In India, too, it was only the devotion of his native servants that saved his life. He lived for a time in the native quarters, and was almost worshipped as a Buddha. There was also a most romantic story of his marriage,—but this is very naturally omitted.

As a landlord Mr. Kavanagh did everything to improve the property and the condition of the tenants. The rents on his thirty thousand acres were the old customary rents, and he never raised them. At Borris he built model cottages and almshouses. By his tenants he was regarded with semi-feudal reverence. On Sunday afternoons he would sit under an old oak tree near the gates of the demesne, and here the peasantry used to come, as vassals to a chieftain, and ask his advice about their personal quarrels and the marriage of their daughters. Mrs. Kavanagh introduced

lace-making into the little village, drew the designs herself and arranged for the sale in London.

In 1866 Mr. Kavanagh was elected to Parliament, and was returned constantly for County Wexford or County Carlow for fourteen years. He spoke seldom, but was always listened to attentively, for his speeches were on Irish affairs with which he was familiar, and his style was unusually clear and logical. In 1880 he was defeated for County Carlow by the late Mr. Gray, the editor of *The Freeman's Journal*. The Irish Nationalists regarded Mr. Kavanagh, perhaps justly, as the most dangerous representative of Irish landlordism, for the very reason that he was so good a landlord, so clear-headed, and so sincere; and their victory was celebrated by bonfires on the hill-tops all the way from Carlow to Dublin. With this election the old patriarchal relations ceased forever between the 'Chief of the Sept and Nation' and his tenantry. He had been called in Parliament the 'Tenants' Friend' and at Borris the 'Father Confessor,'—he was now, without change in himself, execrated and caricatured, and this undeserved but inevitable unpopularity embittered and blighted all the rest of his life.

As a member of the well-known 'Bessborough Commission,' appointed by Mr. Gladstone to enquire into the Irish Land Acts, Kavanagh drew up a separate report that expressed the landlords' case and keenly criticised the proposed system of 'dual ownership.' In 1882 the Land League was formed, and the next year Kavanagh organized the Land Corporation, to counteract the terrorism of the League, by taking charge of boycotted farms and working them. In like manner, in 1887, he opposed the Plan of Campaign by the 'Anti-Plan of Campaign Association.' By these and other defensive associations he maintained the energetic but unequal struggle of the old order against the new, until he died, in 1889, at the age of fifty-eight.

This book is not worthy of the man. It is unskillfully put together. Unimportant events are unduly magnified. The style is too much that of an admiring cousin and a lady. One's natural curiosity about Kavanagh personally is left unsatisfied. How could a man without arms or legs travel, and ride, shoot and hunt? This question Mrs. Steele does not answer. The fact is, that by constant exercise Kavanagh had developed to an extraordinary degree the muscles of his chest, so that he could utilize to the utmost the stumps of limbs that Nature had given him. In writing, he used to hold the pen in his mouth and guide it by one arm, with such success that he wrote far more legibly than Horace Greeley. Below his coat, he wore a black silk gown, like a baby's dress, that used to hang far below his extremities. He was carried up and down stairs on the back of a servant. In the house he would sit in a specially designed wheelchair, that was moved by cranks, at the ends of which, instead of handles, there were cups in which he inserted his arms. Out of doors he went about on horseback. The saddle was circular and sunk in the middle, so that he sat right in the saddle and was secured by a strap over his thighs. The reins were buckled on to his shoulders, so that by turning slightly or raising one shoulder or the other, he could guide the horse with perfect ease. Very often he held the reins in his mouth. At table he had no difficulty in pouring out the coffee, or in carving. So easily and simply did he do everything that was necessary, that in his presence one soon forgot he was not like other men. His head and face were very handsome,—refined, strong and intellectual with most keen and expressive eyes. His conversation was varied and impressive. He told stories capitally, and had a characteristically Irish sense of humor. On the agrarian question, on economics, he was a recognized authority, for he had been sub-agent of the property before he succeeded to it; he personally superintended his large estates, and from patriotic and philanthropic motives he had studied the whole subject with great care. His strictures on the principle of the recent Land Act have been justified by the results. Landlord ownership is logical and had been

* The Right Hon. Arthur Macmurrough Kavanagh. A Biography. Compiled by his Cousin, Sarah L. Steele. \$4. Macmillan & Co.

practicable; peasant proprietorship is also logical and may be practicable; but 'dual ownership' is an anomaly, and does not work in practice. His opinions in his later years were naturally pessimistic and a trifle cynical. He had a strong, inherited love of his tenants, and of the Irish land and the Irish people. His heart was broken by the loss of their affection, but he believed them to be misled, and feared that they were ruined by unwise legislation. In religion he was a devout Churchman; he had been energetic and generous in reorganizing the Irish Church after its disestablishment; the private chapel attached to the house he had long used as the parish church; he had family prayers every morning; and throughout his life he was guided by an overruling sense of religious duty. His family and friends loved him with an almost reverent regard, and until the political agitation of ten years ago there was no more popular man in Ireland. His life was one of blended romance and pathos,—but human nature is dignified by his courage and force of character.

Sybel's "Founding of the German Empire"*

THE FIRST two of the five volumes of which this work consists carry down the story of the founding of the German Empire to the Assembly of Princes in 1863. The first one hundred and forty pages, or, in other words, the first book of the first volume, are a brief summary of the history of Germany to 1848. This is, of course, merely introductory, and from this point the narrative flows on, avoiding both prolixity and undue condensation. The March revolution in the German states is carefully described, especially as it manifested itself in Berlin and Vienna, and the position of Austria and the attitude of Frederick William IV. are given with great clearness. The events of those important months of March and April are presented 'very much in detail, in order to place in a clearer light the immense difficulties which at the opening of the National Assembly were encountered by the champions of German Unity.'

Three plans had presented themselves: (1) the formation of a restricted German Confederation with Prussia at its head and Austria excluded; (2) the retention of both Great Powers in the Confederation; (3) a Republic. Against the last, three-quarters of the nation had voted; the second seemed impracticable; and to the first the Prussian King and South Germany objected. The representatives gathered in the National Assembly 'had the courage to take hold of a problem which it was impossible to solve, with the conviction that upon the solution of it the salvation of the Fatherland depended.' After a brilliant characterization of Von Gagern, the President of the Assembly, the author gives the gist of the speech with which Von Gagern addressed the first German Parliament. 'We are here,' he said, 'to create a Constitution for Germany, for the whole Empire. Our call to the work and the authority to proceed have their origin in the sovereignty of the people.' The deliberation of the Assembly and the adoption of the Regency, the beginning of the reaction, the growth of party hatred and the increasing discontent with the *status quo*, are vividly pictured. The third book is devoted to the history of the Assembly, and includes a statement of the Schleswig-Holstein question, a description of the Republican insurrection, and a summary of the debates over the Constitution.

The *motif* of these first two volumes is the struggle between Austria and Prussia for the hegemony, and they are a brilliant recital of the efforts of the one to preserve it and of the other to obtain it. The formulation of Austria's determination to act as the leader of Germany, as expressed in the Olmutz proclamation, was the work of Schwarzenberg. The result of his plan as there presented would have been the management of German affairs by Austria, and the absorption into the Confederation of thirty millions of non-

German Austrian subjects. The effect of this proclamation upon the National Assembly, and the coalitions which ensued, the proposal to elect Frederick William German Emperor, and the offer to him of the Imperial crown are graphically described. Dr. Von Sybel shows that the refusal of the King to accept this election rested, not upon any of the fanciful reasons which have frequently been assigned as his motives, but upon a full conviction of the inexpediency of the proposed plan—*i.e.*, upon a conviction that a Federation composed probably of the petty States under the leadership of Prussia 'could not be looked upon as the projected Federal Union, nor be organized as such.' The melancholy ending of the National Assembly is well known. The Germans were not yet educated up to the full idea of National Unity. Radicalism and Individualism both interrupted the completion of what has since become a reality. But 'although for that reason the efforts of the National Assembly were futile for the time, it was truly the sowing of the seed which was to ripen in the glorious future.' The league which soon was formed between Prussia, Hanover and Saxony was rendered powerless by the reservations of the two smaller states, and their traitorous action seems a complete justification of their future subjection to Prussia's supremacy. The renewal of the Confederate Diet aroused the indignation of Prussia, and indeed the tone of Austria is so distinctly hostile to any leadership but her own that she is sometimes betrayed into indiscretions. After a most interesting description of the effect produced upon Frederick William by the overtures of Prussia's hereditary enemy, Napoleon, the first volume closes with an account of the events which brought about a crisis serious enough to cause both Great Powers to arm for the inevitable conflict for the hegemony.

Space forbids a complete analysis of the second volume, which carries the narrative down to 1863. But prominent among the important topics therein treated is the attitude of the German States in regard to the Crimean War. As the great year of the decisive contest between Austria and Prussia draws nearer, the interest in the narrative increases. Events follow each other in rapid succession. Austria half fearing, half contemptuous of her rival, Prussia steadfast, confident, yet full of precaution and conscious of the mighty interests at stake—these seem like two great giants, one relying on his victory in earlier conflicts, the other determined in the final struggle to conquer or to perish. Brilliant sketches of the chief characters of the times are interspersed amid the more prosaic quotations from State Papers and Diplomatic Correspondence. Camphausen, Schwarzenberg, Buol, Bismarck—these are but a few of the many whom the author's trenchant pen describes in language at once concise and picturesque; and in especial the character of Frederick William has never been portrayed more justly. No history of the rise of Prussia can compare in interest or in excellence with this; the concluding volumes cannot yield to these in interest, for they will be devoted to the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 and the great struggle of Germany with France.

In March, 1881, Dr. Von Sybel received permission to make use of the contents of the German archives as well as of the Registry of the Department of Foreign Affairs. Here he found 'an almost unlimited supply of most useful material—ministerial decrees, ambassadors' reports, minutes of Sessions and Conferences, telegrams, correspondence of all kinds, numerous diplomatic communications and despatches from foreign powers, important transactions of the Chamber, and newspaper clippings—all well arranged in long rows of many hundred packages of State papers. These were supplemented by the papers of the State Department, and of the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, by oral information from persons who took part in the events, or were closely connected with them; also, so far as the antagonistic party was concerned, by the old archives of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel and Nassau.' It is evident, therefore, that

* The Founding of the German Empire. By Heinrich von Sybel. Vols. I. and II. \$2 each. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

no one has had more, nor more authentic, sources of information, and the well-known historical ability of the author is an assurance that in a work of such importance he has used them to the best advantage.

"An American Girl in London"*

'A SOCIAL DEPARTURE,' by Sara Jeannette Duncan, published a year ago, was emphatically a new departure in books of travel, as those who followed the lady in her voyage round the world can cordially bear witness; but this new book from the same hand is full as good in its way. The author has a keen eye and a well-pointed pen, and hits off London folk and London fashions and foibles with a humor so delicate and subtle that we fear honest John Bull may sometimes fail to appreciate it. The wonder and the charm of it are that it is absolutely free from exaggeration or caricature. It could not be more accurate if it were a sober discussion of British life and character, instead of a merry showing-up of their more amusing peculiarities. Those who have spent some time in London will be quick to see the truth no less than to enjoy the fun of it.

The American girl starts on the foreign tour alone, political complications preventing her father from going at the last moment, while 'momma,' as her daughter calls her, 'is too much of an invalid to risk the trip without her husband.' Naturally enough they do not object to her going by herself. A friend suggests that she take a maid, and 'momma' rather liked the idea; but Mamie, our American girl, 'persuaded her out of it.' She is equal to venturing on the journey by herself, but 'couldn't possibly have undertaken the care of a maid.' There is a relative in London, a Mrs. Porthers, on whom she and her parents vaguely count as guardian and guide abroad, and on the steamer she makes the acquaintance of an English lady—who later turns out to be a Lady Torquilin, not plain Mrs., as she is at first taken to be—and a Mr. Mafferton, who is an admirable delineation of a certain type of Englishman. Mrs. Porthers proves to be the representative British matron, to whom her Yankee relative's free-and-easy ways seem 'appalling impropriety,' and who endeavors to put the wayward girl in charge of 'an old friend in reduced circumstances,' as uncompromisingly rigid as herself in her notions and ready to chaperone Mamie in strict conventional fashion. Our heroine, after something of a struggle, manages to escape this dragon, and is taken in hospitably by Lady Torquilin, who, having travelled in America and being somewhat cosmopolitan in her ideas generally, is a more congenial companion and guide. Mr. Mafferton, who falls in love with the girl in a clumsy English way, having an eye withal to her prospects as an heiress, but of course fails to win her in the end, is likewise a constant attendant in her sight-seeing, which includes the usual London round from Madame Tussaud's to the Houses of Parliament, and from Ascot to the Queen's drawing-room. Among the characters incidentally introduced in the course of her peregrinations one of the best, if not the best, is Miss Corke, otherwise known as Peter Corke, who is no less unconventional in her way than Mamie herself—whose 'personality made you think at once of Santa Claus and a profound philosopher'; with 'delightful twinkling brown eyes, and hair a shade darker, and the color and health and energy that only an English woman possesses at thirty.' She is as thoroughly English as Mrs. Porthers, yet as unlike that thoroughly English woman as can well be imagined. She says things that 'look disagreeable' when written, but as she says them they are 'the very nectar and ambrosia of prejudiced and favorable criticism.' We want to know more of Peter, and Miss Duncan should write a novel and give her a prominent part in it. This book assures us that she could write a good novel, and we hope she will do it, unless perchance she prefers to take Mamie on another tour abroad—which would be equally acceptable.

* An American Girl in London. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

The book has eighty illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend, which are by no means so good as the text, though they might serve well to enlighten and enliven less vivacious writing than Miss Duncan's, which is graphic enough without any such adventitious attractions.

"The Colonies"*

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., who have a publishing-house on each side of the Atlantic, have put all English-reading students of history under obligation by issuing their scholarly and readable series entitled *Epochs of History*. These are all handy volumes and easily read either in class room, in odd hours, or on a journey. The selection of writers has been intelligently made, and the arrangement of the text, manner of printing, and the literary furnishings, including maps and index, are all that could be desired.

To the general series illuminating the history of British, continental, and classic Europe, there is now in preparation a trio on the general subject of American history. The editor chosen is the young and accomplished Professor of History in Harvard University, Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. The initial volume, now finished and before us, is from the pen of the well-known historian and secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Reuben G. Thwaites. The volume is very neat, has three hundred and one pages, with a general map of our country, and three colored maps illustrating the historical geography of English America. There are two prefaces, an excellent preliminary essay on references and authorities and a capital analytical table-of-contents. At the head of every one of the fourteen chapters is a bibliographical outline, directing the reader to indexes, maps, general and special authorities, and contemporary documents; thus fitting the work for school, class or individual study.

The general spirit of the writer is that of one who has surveyed the whole field, and who is free from the sectional prejudices which are so often the bane of those who consider the United States as only an expansion of four or five colonies on the Atlantic coast. Further, Mr. Thwaites deals with those English colonies in America which are still—taking the verdict of the recent elections in Canada—'partners' with Great Britain, and, in a sense very different from that of a century ago, 'under the crown.' Hence, two chapters are devoted to that New France which, though once conquered by the combined arms of Old and New England, seems now sliding bodily, like a glacier, down in the direction of Long Island Sound. Further, the element usually ignored by the imperfect and one-sided histories written east of Hoosac Tunnel, the great influence of the West, is clearly shown. Scarcely a single phase of the shifting drama of American colonization—itself a phase of the general history of colony-making—but is luminously treated. In fact, this volume is more like a fair treatment of the whole subject of the colonies that grew into the English-speaking nations of North America than any work of the sort yet produced. The sum and result of Mr. Thwaites's fascinating work is the clear showing that the American Commonwealth is English only in speech, while her people form a grand composite made up of many nations; and with institutions derived, not from the feudalism, monarchism, or aristocracy of Europe, but largely and quite directly from the one republic, and from the many popular and democratic forms of life in Teutonic Europe. In other words, the living traditions of a noble race which in Europe have been too often smothered under barons' castles, kings' thrones, and monopolies called aristocracy, have found in America, away from pope and emperor, new life and development.

In accordance, also, with the modern idea of true history, which treats of the whole man in all his relations, Mr. Thwaites exploits the social, economic, religious and other phases of colonial life. In a word, to all English readers in

* The Colonies, 1498-1750. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. (Epochs of American History.) \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.

British (as well as American) America, and in all English-speaking countries, this volume will, or ought to, find interested readers.

"Juggernaut: A Veiled Record" *

BRAINE, the hero of 'Juggernaut,' is a poor young journalist in a country town in New York. He is honest, intelligent, ambitious, and his superiors think he can be of use to them. They propose to him to support a nefarious railroad scheme in which they are involved, and agree, if he will do so, to make him sole proprietor of the paper. He has heard that the Hindoo car Juggernaut, to which he compares the world, crushes every one except those who ride in it, and he determines to ride and trust to his grip to hold on. He commits moral suicide in making the decision, and writes his own obituary for his own paper—a thing no one understands but himself. He beats his colleagues at their own game, makes himself their master, and turns the scheme into millions. He marries them, and gets himself elected to the State Legislature and eventually to the United States Senate. His wife is beautiful, clever, attractive, and they adore each other. They are ambitious for each other, and work together towards a common end. Braine is a power among men in Washington; Helen is a power in the social world. Everett, a man whose assistance Braine needs to pass a certain bill in the Senate, is in love with Helen. Braine tells her at last that she must induce Everett to consent to the passage of the bill. Braine is engrossed in work. For three months Helen scarcely sees him; he neglects her and treats her with indifference; and finally when she begs for a return to the old tenderness, he taunts her with it. She never forgives him, and so that night she induces Everett to sign a written promise to pass the bill and then tells him in Braine's presence, who has just entered, that she will give him herself in return for the promise; her husband has insulted her and she will not stay with him. Braine knows that he is responsible for it all, and blames himself, not Helen. He writes imploring her forgiveness and begging her to come back, but she will neither see nor hear him. Everett assures him, in his next interview with him, that as long as Helen stays in his house he will protect her against himself as against others, for Braine's sake, not for hers. He cannot have her for his wife, and he will not accept her in any other relation, because he has grown to love and respect the man who wronged him and whom he wronged in return.

Braine goes back to the old country house to live, waiting patiently for Helen to return to him. She goes from bad to worse until Everett finds her in an attic in New York, ill and penniless, with not a friend in the world. He telegraphs Braine to come, and the two take her down to the country. She submits passively to all they do for her, but never speaks, and whenever her eyes rest on Braine the same relentless, unforgiving look comes into them. He recognizes at last that she will never forgive him, that he will never see any other look on her face. She never speaks to him, her expression never changes until one day he enters the room to find her eyes closed and the old sweet smile on her lips. She is dead. It is impossible in simply detailing the plot of this story to give any idea of the originality with which it is conceived, the force with which it is written, and the subtlety with which the characters are analyzed and the situations are developed. The woman's point of view in all this and the motives which actuate her are totally different from those which influence the two men. Few women would have understood the workings of a man's mind in such a case; no man would have understood a woman's. The success of the book is probably due to the fact that it was written in collaboration by a man and a woman—George Cary Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg. Its authors are to be congratulated on it.

* Juggernaut: A Veiled Record. By George Cary Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg. \$1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The Boy Travellers on Beaten Ground *

THE BOY TRAVELLERS have packed their wallets for the eleventh time, and have 'done' for us the Queen's realm. Dr. Bronson as usual has accompanied them, and his jokes, quips, stories, and endless lore are as appropriate to each theme as the ivy is to the mantled tower. It will be good news, however, alike to girls and boys, that this time there are ladies in the party. How kind of the bachelor author to suffer the women to speak in the travellers' meeting! Gallantly he introduces the mother and sister of Frank Bassett, and they win our hearts at once. Miss Bassett is jolly, bright, full of fun and good spirits. Coming from a new country to an old one, she is full of amusing questions, exclamations and young ladies' adjectives. As for Mrs. Bassett, she is like all the other fairly well-read middle-aged folks who, when they visit 'our old home,' have the ideal and the actual England continually at odds. She and we have all long ago imagined how this and that place, person, and creation of the novelist or alleged historian, looks; and when years afterward the same thing appears in visible objective reality—what a difference! Col. Knox utilizes in a fascinating way this phase and foible of human nature. He also keeps Dr. Bronson more in the shadow, and lets the boys speak oftener than before. They are, however, not too oracular, but are just enough given to a flavor of omnipotence, to help us easily recognize the real American boy.

Like a shrewd veteran of the pen, Col. Knox lands his travellers in that country alleged by the late Chinese Minister to be the only one in the Western world not governed by Irishmen. So, at Queenstown and Cork, the travellers change their sea-legs to land limbs, and after Killarney go up to Dublin, down to Arklow, and make anabasis to Londonderry. Thence across sea to the Clyde, they 'do' classic, insular and pelagic Scotland, and from Berwick on Tweed enter England. Northern, Western and Southern England are enjoyed in detail, and the tour is crowned by a 'season' in London. Hundreds of wood-cut illustrations from the plethoric bins of the Harpers accompany the text, and are appropriately and felicitously used. The thirty-one chapters are as full of delight to the eyes as links of sausage are full of meat. It does seem as though instead of losing his cunning, the author had but tried on the other countries his 'prentice hand and reserved his skill for the country we all want to see oftenest. Of course the book comes in handsome apparel of gold and colors, with first-rate maps pasted within the covers and laid on without danger of dog's-ears, fraying or curling.

A Framer of the Constitution †

THE LATE PROVOST of the University of Pennsylvania, who is still active as an historical scholar, has given us his best work in this book. Along with Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, John Dickinson of Pennsylvania was one of the great men who began the Revolution, even as Franklin, Washington and Paine were the most active in carrying it on to completion. For twenty-three years Dickinson was probably the most conspicuous figure in public life in Pennsylvania, living not only to see the Revolution end, but to assist prominently in the formation of the Constitution of the United States. In the Stamp Act Congress he gave form and color to the agitation in America which brought about the repeal of that act. The series of 'Farmer's Letters' of which he was the author convinced the whole body of our countrymen, groping blindly for the cure of their grievances, that there was a legal remedy. 'It is worth remarking that when the ministry yielded at all, it yielded to argument, and not to the boastful threats which were so common.' In a word, the 'Farmer's Letters' of Dickinson

* The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland. By Thomas W. Knox. \$3. Harper & Bros.

† The Life and Times of John Dickinson (1732-1808). By Charles J. Stillé. \$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.

not only convinced those who were suffering that the remedy was in their own hands, but also persuaded those in power to abandon or at least modify their arbitrary measures.

Mr. Stillé's admirably clear biography shows full and detailed knowledge of the background on which his central figure is projected. The proverb 'As shrewd as a Philadelphia lawyer' takes on new meaning, or at least becomes luminous with fresh suggestion. Chapter II. is devoted to Dickinson's legal training in the Temple, London. The difference between the eastern colonies and those of the middle and southern region is shown. There were very few New England students of law in Europe, and the professional lawyers in New England, until after the Revolution, were few and far between. Of considerably over one hundred American law students in London prior to 1776, the names of only two from New England, and these not afterwards prominent, are found among those matriculated, while Pennsylvania had eleven and Virginia twenty-one. These lawyers in the middle and southern colonies were leaders of their profession and moulded public opinion in their neighborhoods and States, and nearly all of them took a leading part in the great contest. In New England it was the clergy, and not the lawyers, who were the rulers; there the struggle was fought out on ideas of abstract right; whereas, in the other colonies, the contest was on the line of law and precedent. Hence, although in Philadelphia preparations were first of all made to prevent the landing of the tea, the Declaration of Independence was opposed by Dickinson, who expected and felt able to win finally by fighting it out along the lines of constitutional resistance. Of his abundant services in the Continental Congress during the War and his prominent part in the framing of the Constitution, his biographer writes with mastery of fact and in luminous style. He shows Dickinson to have been always a radical-conservative—that is to say, a patriot inspired by a love of freedom and a desire for progress to be secured by the right of law and principle, according to true historical development. The work is not only attractive from a literary point of view, but is a very valuable contribution to standard history.

Recent Poetry and Verse

HIMSELF a most delightful writer of what is commonly called *vers de société* ('vers d'occasion, or social verse') is his own title for the *genre*, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson is an ideal editor of a collection of such verses; and the revised and enlarged edition of his 'Lyra Elegiarum,' the standard anthology of its kind, has gained greatly by the revision and enlargement made possible by the flight of years. The editor trusts that he has gathered together nearly all the Occasional Verse of real merit in the English language; and so, no doubt, he has; yet he has omitted many a familiar and cherishable bit, for the reason that its author is alive. Thus Tennyson is missing, and Sir Theodore Martin, Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang, Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert, J. R. Lowell and Dr. Holmes, Bret Harte and 'Hans Breitmann' Leland. J. G. Saxe also is not here, Mr. Locker apparently being unaware that he has gone over to the majority. Another conspicuous absentee is Mr. Locker himself; but he is not wholly missing, since the preface—a most interesting essay—is his; and the numerous notes are gems of criticism and bibliography. The most noteworthy addition to the list of poets included is that of Robert Browning, whose 'Youth and Art' and 'The Flower's Name' are among the strongest of these 476 selections. A portrait of the refined and handsome face of the compiler of 'Lyra Elegiarum' is printed over against the title-page, where the name of Coulson Kernahan is coupled with Mr. Locker's as that of his assistant in the preparation of this new edition. It has just transpired, by the way, that Mr. Kernahan is the author of 'A Dead Man's Diary,' one of the books that made a hit in England last year; and both works are published by the same house—that of Ward, Lock & Co. of London and New York. (\$1.75.)

EIGHTY years ago Shelley was expelled from the University of Oxford for defying academic authority; to-day his most finished poem, an elegy on the death of John Keats, is printed for this University, at the Clarendon Press. All of which is interesting but hardly pertinent, as Shelley's poetry had nothing to do with the

case. This new edition of 'Adonais' is the work of one of the foremost Shelley students in England, Mr. William Michael Rossetti, and it is unquestionably the best and most valuable edition there is. It could not be better. The editor's judgment and wisdom in things poetical are always to be relied upon, and this volume is an excellent example of his editorial ability, being admirably arranged as to matter and exhaustive in its treatment of the subject. The contents include brief memoirs of Shelley and Keats; a general exposition of the poem; essays on its composition and bibliography and its argument; a short essay on Bion and Moschus, pointing out the relations existing between the two elegies written by them, and 'Adonais'; the poem itself; the cancelled passages; a very complete and thorough body of notes, and a carefully prepared index. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

Recent Fiction

'THE MYSTERY OF NO. 13' is not a mystery after the first chapter of the book is read. A man is found lying across the foot of a woman's bed with a bullet-hole in his forehead, dead. The man is a friend of both the woman and her husband. The latter, believing his wife to be guilty, accuses himself of the murder to save her. She, believing that he has committed the crime in a fit of jealous rage, tries to shield him by swearing that she is the criminal. It is easy to see that she is innocent, however, and the crime is fixed on her husband, the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. Just as the verdict is announced, the real murderer arrives in the court-room and gives himself up, having been induced to do so through his affection for the innocent man's child. He is a common thief who entered the house to rob it, but his victim unexpectedly was pursued by him into the woman's room where a struggle ensued and the fatal shot was fired. If the author of the story, Helen B. Mathers, could have kept the *dénouement* in the background a little longer, she would have been more successful with it. As it is, it is not devoid of interest. The little child, who innocently induces the murderer to make his confession, is a very attractive feature of the book. (25 cts. United States Book Co.)

'THE SCENE of 'The Sardonyx Seal,' by Belle Gray Taylor, is laid on the coast of Normandy, near Bienville, in and about three villas occupied by the persons around whom the story revolves. In the château on the hills are two men, uncle and nephew, each wearing a sardonyx seal, a signet ring, one of which is an heirloom and is worn always by the head of the house and the representative of a great estate in England; the other is a duplicate worn by the heir apparent, who happens in this instance to be the nephew. In a villa by the sea two women are spending the summer, one of whom is an elderly person absorbed in the care of her niece, a spiritual girl who has inherited a certain degree of mysticism along with a very delicate constitution. In an old castle several miles below the villa is a charming old lady who devotes her life to her brother, a scientist, a savant and a *littérateur*, but a human being full of vagaries and most trying to live with. His sister and his young niece are continually rescuing him from trying situations in which his absentmindedness has placed him. The niece is delightful and it doesn't take the younger man at the château long to lose his heart to her. The atmosphere is conducive to that kind of thing, and the uncle finally succumbs to the indefinable charm of the ethereal beauty in the villa. A happy solution is found for every one, and the signet ring is transferred from the finger of the nephew to the safe-keeping of the uncle to be held by him in trust for his infant son. The story is quite well told and the characters are interesting. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'SARDIA,' by Cora Linn Daniels, is a novel that should never have been written, never have been printed and never have been read. It is unhealthy, overdone and excessively disagreeable. The hero and heroine are forced to marry each other by their uncle's will; he leaves them his money on condition the marriage takes place. They agree to be good comrades, nothing more, and invite a company of people to spend the summer with them to help them sustain the *ennui* of each other's presence. Of course the wife has already begun to love her husband, but she keeps in the house, as her guest, a woman with whom she knows him to be in love, and who she also knows is trying to entice him from her. The wife is generous enough to be willing that this person shall have her husband, provided she can be assured it will secure his happiness. She makes her discoveries gradually but surely, however; first that this woman has stolen her jewels and sold them, second that her former life has been impure. The woman even goes so far as to tell the wife that the husband is her paramour and the father of her child. In spite of all these revelations the woman is allowed to remain in the house until she becomes insane and is

taken away. It all ends happily through the mediation of Sardia, an Indian mystic or Buddhist, who adores the wife and tells her so, but who gives his time to bringing her and her husband together. It is impossible to enumerate all the absurdities of the volume. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—'TWO ENGLISH GIRLS' go to Florence where they meet two artists; one an honest fellow and a great genius, the other unprincipled and a man of talent simply. The latter steals the idea of the former and works it into a picture for the exhibition in Rome. It is a great success and wins him immense applause. One of the girls is engaged to him and she alone discovers the fraud he has perpetrated. She feels that she is bound to him, however, and insists that she will still marry him, but she has been an invalid for a long while and death comes to release her. The other girl marries the greater artist and is happy. The story, a simple one with no pretension, is written by Mabel Hart. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE,' by Itti Kinney-Réno, the author of 'Miss Breckinridge,' is really one of the most inexcusable books that ever was printed. The character upon whom the story is made to hinge is cowardly, unprincipled, and repulsive. A father with an attractive daughter, he tries to marry her to a young man of fortune so that the father of the man may help him in his financial schemes. The young fellow insults the girl. When he proposes to her she very naturally rejects him. The rejected suitor revenges himself by ruining and disgracing the father of the girl. This most unnatural parent returns to his home, tells his daughter that she has ruined him, that he proposes to take his own life, and that his one feeling of satisfaction in it all is that his disgrace will be known to the world, that his daughter will have to share it, and that no honest man will ever be willing to marry her because of it. He then puts a pistol to his head and blows his brains out before her very eyes. She swoons, and while in this unconscious state dreams that she is married and that her married life is a failure. She lets the dream decide the question for her, she refuses the man she loves and devotes herself to painting, a profession towards which she has always leaned. The lover becomes her comrade and friend. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—A TEXAS RANGER dies and leaves his fortune to his nephew provided he marries a certain girl. Other relatives of the man are interested in preventing the match because they get the money if it does not take place. The young fellow goes to South Africa to look for the girl, and he is shadowed there by an emissary of these people who wish him to prevent the marriage of the young persons. Most of the action takes place during the period of the Zulu war in which the Prince Imperial was killed, and a description of the fight and the Prince's death is intended to be one of the most thrilling episodes of the book. There are too many adventures, however, and one gets tired before he is through. Of course the man and the girl meet, marry, inherit the fortune, and go back to Texas to live. Such is the story of 'The Lost Heiress,' by Ernest Glauville. (40 cts. Harper & Bros.)

Theological and Religious Literature

THE REV. JOSEPH H. ALLEN, editor of *The Unitarian Review* and author of a long list of theological works, has collected some of his 'essays, fragments and hints' under the title of 'Positive Religion.' In Part I. ('Essays') he discusses religion as a growth and as experience, revelation, the miracle of life, the law of justice, the law of sacrifice, a religion of fear, a religion of trust, the terms 'God,' 'Christian,' and 'agnostic,' and the world-religions. In Part II. ('Fragments and Hints') there are various scraps and jottings concerning the great themes of life here and hereafter. The book seems to be a collection of odds and ends from the editorial drawer or portfolio, without unity of aim or purpose; and unmarked by profundity of thought, subtlety, or beauty of style. Nevertheless, there are here and there suggestive passages, and the book may be used as an aid to reflection. In the reference to angels there is a call upon the reader to turn from the popular to the Scriptural and true idea. A delightful bit of history or information now and then rewards the reader as, for instance, that in one of the New England coast-towns (Salem, Mass., was it?) the first liberalizing influence upon the old Puritan theology came from merchants and shipmasters in the East India trade. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

IN THE Expositor's Bible the eighteenth volume is by the Rev. George Adam Smith, minister of Queen's Cross Church, Aberdeen. Having already treated the Book of Isaiah (Chaps. i.-xxix.) in a former goodly volume, he now gives us the second or companion volume, on Chaps. xl.-lvi. Hostile and ultra-conservative critics complained that in his first work he 'squinted' towards the Higher Criticism. He now looks full in the eye that excellent servant of Jehovah, man and truth, and thereby edifies himself and his

readers. He knows well that in the field of criticism, as elsewhere, fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and men who know next to nothing about Heaven like to formulate 'the results of the Higher Criticism' into catechisms issued even with the imprimatur of denominational publishing societies. Nevertheless, he does not hesitate to utilize with judicial mind the solid fruit of critical scholarship.—THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES has always been, and probably always will be, a puzzle to the average reader, but its fascination to the philosopher and veteran scholar increases rather than diminishes with the flow of the centuries. The problem of the book is 'yours, mine, every man's.' Many more quotations from it have entered into our current speech than have been taken from Job, for example, although Job is a longer and a finer poem than the Preacher's. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox has reprinted in revised form his 'Quest of the Chief Good' (1867), which, having been for more than twenty years out of print, now appears in the Expositor's Bible under the title of 'The Book of Ecclesiastes.' Dr. Cox's introduction and new translation are models, each in its kind. (\$1.50 each. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

A FOURTH edition of the late Prof. Henry Boynton Smith's 'System of Christian Theology' is a reprint of that prepared with loving care and conspicuous ability by the late Prof. William S. Karr, D.D., of Hartford Theological Seminary, enriched with an introduction by Dr. Thomas S. Hastings of the Union Theological Seminary of this city. Prof. Smith believed that a statement of religion was possible which should make all skepticism absurd, and toward such a statement all the efforts of his life were directed. Whether one accepts the premises of this theologian or not, his familiarity with truths that abide through the ages, his strong reasoning, his clear statements and his catholic sympathies will commend him in the future, as in the past. (\$2.)—THE LAME PARSON'S CRUTCHES might be given as the sub-title of the series of six volumes collectively entitled 'The Sermon Bible.' Each volume contains upward of 500 sermon outlines and several thousand references, with twenty-four blank pages for notes, and is bound, we may add, in buckram. It is undeniable that many of the sermon outlines are good, and that the references added to each outline are numerous and excellent. The volume now before us treats of the New Testament from Matthew xxii. to Mark xvi. Whether this book prove to be good fish or poison will depend upon the fisherman who angles in its treacherous depths. It is certainly a most dangerous piece of literature to have in a minister's study, and the publishing of such books explains to a large extent why there are so many worse than mediocre ministers in the country. Nevertheless, such a book has its uses, but whether as lymph or virus each one must determine for himself. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

THE REV. JOSEPH CROSS, D.D., LL.D., author of a row of popular books, has spent most of his life, which has already passed beyond the Biblical limit, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in various parts of our great country, seeing a wonderful variety of human nature, and experiencing many adventures under two flags. Late in life he entered the Protestant Episcopal Church, and as a fresh old man has done equally good work within that fold in which prayer-book and Bible keep close together. He has written a volume of sunny reminiscences and comment, as full of vividness as of charity, entitled 'Days of My Years.' Altogether the work is as pathetic and touching as are the words of Jacob before Pharaoh, from which, or from the ninetieth Psalm, the title has been taken. The recent death of Gen. Sherman gives point to the racy descriptions of the great march through Georgia, in which, as Dr. Cross found, the Yankee soldiers could smell gold when it was buried six feet deep, and scent silver no matter how deeply entombed under the garden fences. In flavor the book resembles the title of one of the author's earlier books—'Old Wine and New.' (\$1.50. T. Whittaker.)—THE PUBLISHERS have done well to include in their Good Company Series, issued monthly, Freeman Clarke's 'Life and Times of Jesus as Related by Thomas Didymus,' which so many thousands have already enjoyed. Those who read 'The Legend of Thomas Didymus' will find this to be the same work in cheaper form. With profound mastery of the subject, and with a wonderful infusion of local color and proofs on every page of his sympathy with the followers of the living Jesus of Nazareth, Dr. Clark makes a charming setting to the jewel of humanity and divinity. This book will, by its literary charm and brilliancy of imagination, toned by strong Yankee commonsense, live probably as long as the same author's classic on 'The Ten Great Religions.' (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—'ELIJAH, the Man of God' is the tenth volume sent forth by Mark Guy Pearson. It is devoted to the greatest of the prophets and the one who left no writings, discussing the salient points in his life. In a graphic and luminous way Mr. Pearson shows the character and powerful personality of him whose name

meant 'my God is Jehovah.' Without laying too much emphasis upon the poetic, traditional or miraculous portion of the narrative, he furnishes in terse and clear English the perennially fresh lessons for all time. (50 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)

A NEW READING of the Gospels by one who goes to them with a theory ready-made is always suggestive, if not commendable. Mr. Austin Bierbower, who has already written on 'The Morals of Christ,' has treated thoughtfully the subject of 'The Socialism of Christ,' or the attitude of early Christians toward modern problems. Though not unfamiliar with the history of the time of Jesus, his examinations have been mainly concentrated on the words of Christ and his followers as recorded in the New Testament. In his view, Christianity was at first largely political and socialistic, and vastly less ecclesiastical than at the present time. In this fact, as he sees it, he discovers the reason for its becoming a world movement. He treats of the Christian community from various points of view, such as the government of the poor, contemplated revolution, political propagation, socialistic ideas and practical communism, displaying much acuteness and insight in studying the currents of thought and condition of the peoples of the first century or two of the Christian era. Then came the inevitable tendency to one-man power or monarchy. Even Christ himself veered from his original course, and instead of keeping his movement political and social made it moral and religious, while St. Paul completely crushed out communism, and transformed Christianity into a purely spiritual force. Indirectly, and perhaps unintentionally, Mr. Bierbower's book serves the purpose of Biblical criticism, since his theory, he thinks, explains the contradictions in the Gospels. (C. H. Sergel & Co.)—THE REV. GEORGE D. HERRON has written an excellent tract for the times entitled 'The Message of Jesus to Men of Wealth.' The burden of thought is, that a knowledge of Christ and the revelation of him in larger relations to human society are the imperative duty of all his disciples. (20 cts. F. H. Revell Co.)

'REASON AND AUTHORITY in Religion' is a helpful little book by Prof. I. Macbride Sterrett, D.D., of the Seabury Divinity School, whose 'Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion' was so well received some months ago. His purpose is to discuss contemporary religious themes and thinkers. His little book consists of three parts: the ground of certitude in religion, the psychological forms of religion, and religion as willing. He discusses the function of criticism, shows that theories of society are supplanting theories of the individual, and that a broader insight into the wonders of the universe makes a broader faith, but does not and cannot overthrow faith or do away with religion. Religion is genuinely human; it is one of the great human universals, coextensive with man's history, and as varied in form as his culture. It is a necessary part of humanity's life. Organizations may decay and theologies crumble, but the religious spirit lives on through and above these changes, making for itself ever more and more congenial and adequate manifestations and organs of its perennial life—rising on stepping-stones of its petrified forms to higher ones. In harmony with his theme and method, we notice that the author dedicates his stimulating little book to his 'mother, the first reasonable authority in religion.' Discussing much but dogmatically settling nothing, this little volume is inspiring and helpful to those seeking rest in a reasonable faith. (§1. T. Whittaker.)

AGES AGO—that is, when we were boys—our mothers used to read to us 'The Shady Side; or, Life in a Country Parsonage,' by a Pastor's Wife, and tell us what wonderful things poor parsons had to suffer at the hands of cantankerous deacons, peculiarly pious parishioners, and other people in whom the phenomena of human nature were more conspicuous than the marks of divine grace. It was, with all its dark pages, a lively book and well worthy of the wide reading which it received. Somehow or other, as we look over it now, it seems to belong to an age that has passed, rather through change of the theological climate than otherwise; and yet it is a wonderfully true picture of human nature, especially as manifested in New England. In the present edition the type is clear, the paper is good, and the bright red binding bears out the truth of the preface and advertisement, that the sombre title of the book must not repel the reader, for it has sunshine as well as shade, and will provoke smiles as well as tears. (§1.)—A CAPITAL BOOK which will help all ministers in that personal culture which is so necessary for the pulpit, and which when acquired contributes so much to the preacher's power of drawing an audience, is that by the Rev. George M. Stone, entitled 'The Public Uses of the Bible,' with the sub-title 'A Study in Biblical Elocution.' With clear mastery of the subject, and hearty appreciation of the Bible as the foremost library in the world's literature, he treats of such themes as 'Our English Bible,' 'The Bible and the Human Voice,'

'Reading Which does Not Interpret,' 'Imagination in Reading,' 'The Physical Factor,' 'The Bible and the Prayer-Meeting,' and kindred topics. This is a most excellent tool, which the preacher who looks upon his profession as a fine art will certainly appreciate. (§1.25.)—THE VETERAN philosopher, preacher, educator and statesman, Rev. Julius H. Seelye, ex-President of Amherst College, is not idle, though now retired from active duties as a teacher. In addition to his present work of preparing a manual of unsectarian ethics for use in the public schools, he is putting his literary house in order and gathering up some of the fruits of his studious life. One of these first fruits is the issue of the baccalaureate sermon preached in Amherst College, June 22, 1890, entitled 'Our Father's Kingdom.' It is a clear and simple yet vigorous presentation of this theme of endless interest. (30 cts. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

Magazine Notes

VERY odd fishes are those of the Florida reef, pictured in the opening article of the *May Century*. There is the tarpon, which may be fished for most luxuriously, lying on your back in the sand, but which requires labor enough when caught, for he is a load to get into your boat or carry home. There is the barracuda, which might earn its living in New York waters as a steam-tug, and the jack-beats that hunt the fisherman while getting away from the gulls that hunt them. In a paper on the 'Salons of the Empire and the Restoration' we find portraits of the Marquise de Montesson, of Mme. de Genlis with a harp, of Mme. de Duras with a turban, of Mme. de Krüdener as Venus, with her baby as Cupid; of Mme. Récamier, from David's painting; of Mme. de Souza with her Roman nose, and Mme. Swetchine with her pug. 'The Squirrel Inn,' a new story by Frank Stockton, is begun, with illustrations. There are some wonderful figures of daisies, ferns and seaweed forms sung into a tube by Margaret Watts Hughes. One named a 'Pansy' is more like the trillium. Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick gives a not wholly satisfactory explanation. A biographical sketch of Louisa May Alcott is illustrated with portraits of the subject and her father, A. Bronson Alcott. F. Hopkinson Smith sketches for us a 'Bulgarian Opera Bouffe' and Minister Dallas writes of life 'At the Court of the Czar.' The exhibition of artists' scraps and sketches held some time ago at the Fellowcraft Club is held over again in this month's *Century*. The Confederate diplomats are shown up by the Hon. John Bigelow; and there is an illustrated paper on 'Pioneer Mining in California.' Altogether, a good, old-fashioned number, with plenty of variety and plenty of pictures.

The second part of William Douglas O'Connor's story, in *The Atlantic* for May, brings on the scene the Mephistophelean Doctor Malatesti, who destroys Friar Bacon's 'Brazen Android' to the Friar's final satisfaction. It is a very good mystery story. Some 'Leaves from an Unpublished Journal' of Richard Henry Dana take us on a voyage down the Grand Canal of China in 1860, and describe the City of Su-chau (otherwise spelled Soochow), its grand pagoda, its tea-houses, and a learned mandarin in silk robes of lovely colors and of a politeness far beyond the French. A second paper on 'Goethe's Key to Faust' examines the Tragedy of the First Part and gives the conclusions of the writer, William P. Andrews, as to its double and treble allegories. It is almost as puzzling as Mr. Donnelly's Shakespeare-Bacon studies. Mrs. Kemble's letters are said by an anonymous writer to be equal to those of Mrs. Carlyle, Mme. Craven and Madame Mohl for vivid human interest. There is an appreciative review of Prof. Gildersleeve's 'Essays and Studies'; a paper on the 'Modern Teaching of Arithmetic,' by Truman Henry Safford; a third paper on the 'Capture of Louisburg,' by Francis Parkman; a good short story, 'A Native of Winby,' by Sarah Orne Jewett; and a striking narrative poem, 'The Last Bowstrings,' by Edward Lucas White.

'Vampires' is the suggestive title of Julien Gordon's novelette which begins the May *Lippincott's*. The 'Vampires' are creatures of the present day and our own land. The 'novelette' does not crowd out all other fiction from the number; for there is a good short story, 'That Hound o' Trout's,' by Miss M. G. McClelland. 'Lost Treasures of Literature' gives a long list of books that have been and are not now. 'Some Familiar Letters of Horace Greeley' are continued. 'The Aims of University Extension' are announced by Sidney T. Skidmore. John Worrell Keely has a paper on 'Latent Force.' 'A volume of pure ether,' he declares, 'equivalent to the atmospheric displacement caused by our earth, could be compressed and absorbed in a volume of one cubic inch by the velocity and sympathetic power of the etheric triple flows, as focalizing towards the sympathetic centres of neutrality, at the birth of the molecule.' But we do not fancy this declaration will induce Mrs. Bloomfield Moore to re-invest in Keely Motor stock. Frank A.

Burr attacks no less a subject than 'The Personality of the Prince of Wales,' naming the Prince but to praise him. Francis Howard Williams has a note on 'Literary Dynamics'; Miss Anne H. Wharton reviews a book of special interest to Pennsylvanians, the Life of John Dickinson; and Dr. Frederic M. Bird says many very nice things about Mrs. Kirk, apropos of her 'Maidens Choosing'—among others, that she deserves a place among *The Critic's Twenty Immortelles*. If country girls do not know what they can do, they may learn from an article in this number by Miss Grace H. Dodge.

The illustrations by Mr. Alfred Parsons to the article on the 'Warwickshire Avon' in *Harper's* for May show us towers and gables, bridges and churches, and Robert of Leicester's bear. 'Some American Riders,' by Col. T. A. Dodge, shows how old-time trappers, white and Indian, and modern Comanches and Apaches ride or have ridden. 'The English Ancestry of Washington' is proven from his seals, old monumental brasses, parish registers and other documents, by Moncure D. Conway. 'The Republic of Uruguay' and its ranchos, water-carriers, old forts, old churches, and new hotels, are written up by Theo. Child. Walter Besant has a 'causerie' over Johnson's grave. 'Roman London,' by Eugene Lawrence, is illustrated with pictures of a bit of Roman wall and fragments of statues, bronze fibulae, spoons, keys, lamps and amphore. There are two short stories, 'A Batch of Bread and a Pudding,' by A. B. Ward, and 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady,' by Caroline Earl White; and a poem, 'Mortality,' by W. D. Howells. The Editor's Drawer betrays Mr. Warner's absence from America and presence in one of his old haunts—Egypt. The Land of the Pharaohs has been conquered by Society, he dolefully informs us; and one of Mr. Gibson's American or English girls in evening dress stands upon the Sphinx at the top of the Drawer, to typify this new subjugation of the ancient country. Mr. Curtis chats of the humble beginnings, a century since, of the present 'aristocracy' of New York, and of the so-called 'Americanism' which objects to Minister Lincoln's or Minister Reid's wearing a bit of gold-lace upon his coat. And Mr. Howells praises the latest poems of Mr. Sherman, Miss Thomas, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Riley, Mr. Field, Mr. William Watson, and Mrs. Danske Dandridge.

The English Illustrated for April has a slight account of the engraver and poet W. J. Linton, by Fred. G. Kitton. It is illustrated with some early engravings which give little notion of Mr. Linton's later style of work, and the best of his early works, the Madonna and Child, after a drawing by Raphael, is not among them. There is a portrait utilized as frontispiece to the number. What promises to be an interesting series of articles on Harrow School is begun with one on its history by H. Montague Butler and one on 'Athletics' by Philip H. Martineau. They are excellently illustrated with in-door and out-door views. 'Girlishhood in Italy' is written of by Fanny Zampini Salazaro, who bewails the condition of the girls belonging to the middle-class people of the towns and finds the rude life of the peasant girls in many ways preferable. Hon. George Curzon, M. P., writes of the 'Monasteries of Meteora,' that is to say, of the air, in Northern Greece, and C. M. Newton illustrates them and the way of getting in and out by means of a net hauled up by a windlass.

It is a strong, determined face, that of the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, which looks out upon the reader from the first page of the May *Review of Reviews*. This portrait was drawn expressly for the American issue of the *Review*, and it is a thoroughly creditable piece of work. Among the other portraits of the number are those of Senator Warner Miller, President of the Nicaragua Canal Co., and Chief Engineer Menocal; the late Prince Jerome Napoleon, the late Herr Windthorst, Sir John Macdonald, the late Dr. Howard Crosby, the late Lawrence Barrett, Dr. W. S. Rainsford and Gen. Lloyd Bryce. The Character Sketch deals with 'Three Empire Builders'—Sir John Macdonald, Sir Henry Parkes and the Hon. Cecil Rhodes. Several pages of this number are given up to selections from an address on 'The Reunion of Christendom,' by Mr. W. T. Stead. An interesting sketch of Gen. Bryce and *The North American Review* has the place of honor among the reviews of the current magazines. All the striking features of Mr. Stead's monthly are noticeable in this issue, together with new features designed especially for American readers, and furnished by the American editor, Dr. Albert Shaw. Like the April number, that for May is much fairer to look upon than its English original.

A portrait of Capt. Niels Hoffmeyer is the frontispiece of the May *Popular Science Monthly*, which contains also a biographical sketch of the late Danish meteorologist. Dr. Andrew D. White writes of 'Miracles and Medicine,' in his Warfare of Science series; and the Duke of Argyll's 'Prof. Huxley on the Warpath' is concluded, the author appealing to geology for evidence of an inundation such as is described in the story of Noah's Flood, and to arch-

eology for support of the general truth of Bible history. In an article on the 'Evolution of Patent Medicine,' Lee J. Vance traces the human weakness for mysterious cures from the days of saintly relics down to the 'medicine-men' of our own time. The Zulu and their games, artificial ice-making, the Mexican Messiah, the French Institute and sundry other topics as dissimilar to these as these are unlike each other, are discussed by various contributors.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Volume II. of the 'Cambridge' Shakespeare.—The second volume of the new 'Cambridge' Shakespeare comes out promptly, if not ahead of time, and contains 'Much Ado,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'As You Like It.' The revision shows the same scholarly care and skill that were evident in the first volume. The foot-notes giving the various readings of the early editions and modern critics and commentators are invaluable for reference, and not without interest to the cynical reader who may be inclined to sneer at the many asinine attempts to 'emend' what Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote. Dr. Furnivall, in a review of the former volume in a London journal, well says:—

Alas! in looking through its foot-notes, one sees not only one's own failures, long ago repented of, but all the lamentable guesses of men whom one has cursed so fervently from time to time for their attempts to chase the native beauty from the *Swan of Avon's* song. The recording angel, in the form of the Vice-Master of Trinity, has jotted down all these sins, and his record often makes one shudder. Still, among his items are all the needful and accepted corrections of the scribes and printers who blundered Shakespeare's text, and many ingenious suggestions for those editors who prefer Shakespeare adulterated by emenders' fancies to Shakespeare pure—that is, as pure as we can expect to get him.

The same keen critic finds fault with Mr. Wright for varying from the old editions in not contracting participles of verbs ending in *e* as he does those of other verbs. For instance, *loved* when pronounced as one syllable is not printed *lov'd*, but *talk'd* is so printed. Hudson, Furness, and some other recent editors follow the same rule; Dyce, Grant White, the 'Henry Irving' edition, and others contract all such participles alike. This seems to me the better way, and I have taken it in my own edition. The one reason for using the contracted forms is to indicate the pronunciation; and not to do it with verbs ending in *e* is to leave the pronunciation doubtful unless, as in a few editions, an accent is placed over the *e* when it forms a separate syllable—which, to my thinking, disfigures the text. Dr. Furnivall gives a good illustration of the evil of this modernization or falsification of the old text from 'The Tempest,' v. 1. 309, where Mr. Wright prints 'Of these our dear beloved solemnised.' Uncritical readers, and some who think themselves critical, will render this in modern fashion as 'belovèd solemnis'd'; but, as Mr. Wright notes at the end of the play, the folio has 'belov'd,' and 'solemnised' is to be pronounced, as the analogy of certain other passages indicates, 'solémnisé'—that is, four syllables with the accent on the second.

In 'The Tempest,' by the way, Mr. Wright regards the Masque, with the lines that introduce and dismiss it (iv. 1. 60-147), as from another pen than Shakespeare's. 'Surely,' as Dr. Furnivall suggests, 'some notice and justification of this should have been given in the general preface or a separate introduction to the play.' It is curious that, in the second volume, no hint is given that the Hymen part in 'As You Like It' (v. 4) is probably—for myself, I should say certainly—an interpolation. Like the vision in 'Cymbeline' (v. 4), and the Hecate passages in 'Macbeth' (iii. 5. and iv. 1), it bears the marks of its spuriousness upon its face. But the 'Tempest' interlude is not unworthy of Shakespeare; and, unlike the others that I have mentioned, it is closely interwoven with the text. Prospero has promised the lovers 'some vanity of his art,' and if a theatrical pageant of some kind does not follow the famous passage, 'Our revels now are ended,' etc. (iv. 1. 148-158), which Mr. Wright does not reject, and which no one would dare to take away from Shakespeare—who else could have written it?—is inexplicable, unless on the absurd supposition that the dramatist left it to the manager of the theatre to introduce some 'dumb show' of the spirits in obedience to Prospero's command to Ariel to summon them for 'such another trick' as the happy scene (iii. 3).

It is to be noted, moreover, that 'The Tempest' is one of the shortest of the plays, containing only 2065 lines ('Globe' edition numbering)—the very shortest, indeed, except the early 'Comedy of Errors,' which has ~~had~~ 1778 lines. Some critics have thought that a part of the play must have been lost; but it is difficult to see where scenes or parts of scenes could be added. Its brevity appears to be due to the simplicity of the plot. Some portions seem

to be somewhat 'spun out,' so to speak (the first hundred lines of ii. 1, for instance, which are more like mere 'padding' than one often finds in Shakespeare's undoubted work), in order to make the play long enough for 'the two hours' traffic of the stage' ('Romeo and Juliet,' prologue).

It is only, however, on a few little points like this that one can find fault with the 'Cambridge' Shakespeare. Dr. Furnivall speaks for all students of the dramatist when he says:—

We recognize the admirable and careful work that Mr. Aldis Wright has bestowed upon it; and we congratulate him on being alive and well to produce the revised edition of this famous work, which he and his friends have made an absolute necessity to every earnest student of Shakespeare's text.

'2 Henry IV.' in the Bankside Edition.—The thirteenth volume of the Bankside Edition deals with '2 Henry IV.,' which, like '1 Henry IV.,' is edited by Mr. W. H. Fleming. The quarto of 1600 is the text, set face to face with that of the folio of 1623, each containing some passages which are wanting in the other. As the editor remarks in his introduction, 'the passages in the quarto which are lacking in the folio are found almost always in the Falstaff scenes,' while those which are in the folio but omitted in the quarto 'are in every instance in the historical scenes.' He adds:—'This would seem to imply that the wit of Falstaff was more popular with the theatre-goers than the more serious accounts of the rebellion. Shakespeare the theatre-manager recognized this, and when revising for stage representation the manuscript of Shakespeare the dramatist he omitted much of the latter.' This assumes, and with much probability, that 'the quarto represents the acted play, the folio the play as originally written.'

Mr. Fleming is almost certainly right, also, in believing that '2 Henry IV.,' though not printed until 1600, was written immediately after '1 Henry IV.' and before the entry of the latter on the Stationers' Registers in February, 1598; for that entry shows that the name of Oldcastle, which was originally applied to Falstaff in both plays (as is evident from the fact that in the 1600 quarto of '2 Henry IV.,' the prefix 'Old' is retained before one of his speeches), had already been changed to Falstaff.

Another question discussed by Mr. Fleming is whether Falstaff was intended as a caricature of Sir John Oldcastle, as the London public evidently assumed; and the decision to which he comes, that Shakespeare had no such design, seems to me fully justified. Nor did the dramatist, in changing the name to Falstaff, intend to reflect upon Sir John Fastolf. As Mr. Fleming says:—'The misapprehension arose originally out of the bitter fanaticism current at that time. Shakespeare, from his lofty elevation of thought and feeling, regarded serenely these conflicts of sectarians. He cared nothing for them, was uninfluenced by them. Hence, when he perceived the error into which the public was led by the name of Sir John Oldcastle, he withdrew that, and substituted therefor Sir John Falstaff. The character (and the name as well) was wholly original with the dramatist. It was his own creation. It is ideal, not real. His purpose in the conception of it was, simply and purely, artistic.'

Boston Letter

THAT the coming celebration of the birthday of Robert Browning, by the Browning Club of Boston, will be very interesting may be prophesied after a glance at the names of those who will attend as guests. There will be Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her daughter Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, together with Mr. W. D. Howells, the Rev. Mr. Phillips Brooks, the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, Prof. C. C. Everett, Mr. B. J. Lang, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, Miss Mary M. Cohen, President of the Philadelphia Browning Society, and Miss Harriet M. Mills, Secretary of the Syracuse Browning Society, will be present as delegates from those societies. Letters of regret will be read from Messrs. George William Curtis, James Russell Lowell, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Francis Parkman, Robert C. Winthrop and Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Profs. Charles Eliot Norton and Hiram Corson, the Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Mrs. Margaret Deland and Miss Jeannette L. Gilder. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes also has been obliged to send regrets, but it is understood that his letter of reminiscences will prove one of the entertaining features of the after-dinner exercises. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson will preside.

Miss Guiney has accepted the appointment of city poet for the memorial exercises to be held by the municipal government in honor of Gen. Sherman on the fourth of June. A more fitting appointment could not be made from the younger ranks of Boston writers. Miss Guiney's poem for the city's Grant Memorial of 1885

showed clearly that she could appropriately eulogize in verse the events of a war era, even if she were too young to remember those events distinctly; while her family associations have given her a claim upon the soldiers' regard. Among the Massachusetts troops there fought no braver man than her father, Mr. Patrick R. Guiney, a private who rose to be Brigadier-General, and whose heroic leadership if told in story would fill a volume of romance. In the Wilderness he received a wound from which the surgeons declared recovery to be impossible, affirming that it would be merely torture to test the one slender thread of hope, the extraction of the bullet. But the soldier insisted on the operation, and by his coolness of nerve saved his own life. Miss Guiney must have been less than five years of age when she first saw camp life, yet the impression it made upon her young fancy has been vividly recorded in her sketch, 'A Child in Camp.'

It is interesting to note the influence John Boyle O'Reilly has had upon Boston literature by his encouragement to writers of talent. Miss Guiney's first poem was published in his paper, *The Pilot*; while two other authors who have just been selected as the poets of a second approaching memorial found their earliest recognition in the columns of the same paper. Mrs. Mary E. Blake, who like Miss Guiney tempted fortune first under a *nom-de-plume*, writing 'Marie' as the signature to her *Pilot* verses while Miss Guiney wrote 'P. O. L.' is to be the poet at the memorial to the late Admiral Porter. Seven years ago she acted in a similar capacity at the Wendell Phillips Memorial. The 'odist' at the Porter Memorial will be Mr. Henry O'Meara.

Mr. O'Meara's appointment follows very quickly upon the publication of his 'Ballads of America.' On the 14th of May Boston is to pay its tribute to the gallant naval commander; and by that time, I am told by the publishers, scarcely a copy of the first edition of Mr. O'Meara's book will remain unsold. A second edition is already in preparation. Mr. O'Meara belongs to the younger school of Boston poets. He is a native of St. Johns, and is a brother of the brilliant journalist and young Republican leader, Mr. Stephen O'Meara, ex-President of the Press Club. Mr. Henry O'Meara's literary work on *The Pilot* won for him the personal friendship of O'Reilly and continued his relations with his classmate of St. Dunstan's College, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, O'Reilly's assistant and successor.

The forthcoming posthumous work of the Rev. Henry Bernard Carpenter is to have an introduction by Mr. Roche, who was an intimate friend of the late pastor of the Hollis Street Church. In his introduction he is to give a sketch of Mr. Carpenter's life and character. The book is to be issued by J. G. Cupples about the first of May. It will be called 'A Poet's Last Songs,' and will include twenty unpublished sonnets and lyrics. A portrait of Mr. Carpenter, taken by his friend Benjamin Kimball a few weeks prior to his death, will form the frontispiece.

The death of Mr. Samuel Lancaster Gerry, on Sunday, came after a single month's illness. Although famed as a landscape-painter, he could claim appreciation as a writer, and his recent magazine article on 'Old Masters of Boston,' which proved so interesting, was to have been followed, I am told, by others of similar style. Mr. Gerry was one of the founders of the Boston Art Club, and one of its earlier Presidents. He was ever an ardent lover of the beautiful in this world, and with his intense religious feeling almost worshipped nature as a glorious creation of God. One of his paintings, the 'Land of Beulah,' was bequeathed to Wesleyan University by the late Isaac Rich. Another, which hung for years in the parlors of the Central Club, brought to its painter in a unique way the sum of \$500. The incident has never before been told in print. The Club, desiring to secure 'The Pasture Gate,' partly as a tribute of regard for Mr. Gerry, organized a raffle, each man to contribute \$10. The winner was to give the picture to the Club, and in return was to have a year's dues remitted. Gen. A. P. Martin, Col. Charles W. Wilder, Col. J. H. Benton, Mr. Francis M. Stanwood, Mr. Samuel D. Crane, Mr. George O. Carpenter and Mr. Phineas Pierce were among the contestants, but the winner was Col. Charles Gordon Greene, the Nestor of the Club. Col. Greene turned his fifty dollars into champagne, that the Club might celebrate the acquisition of the painting.

BOSTON, April 28, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

The Strand Magazine continues its portraits of celebrities at all ages. In the current number among others we have Mr. Henry M. Stanley from the age of nineteen to the present day; and curiously enough, the former is more like him as he is now than any of the intermediate ones of the series, which can hardly be said to resemble him at all. One taken at the age of thirty-one looks more like the tenor of an Italian opera company than the discoverer of Dr.

Livingstone and the sources of the Nile. The hair lies in thick ringlets on the head, save for one little curl which hangs coquettishly over the forehead. It is not at all the head with the strong features and straight, short hair pictured immediately below it.

THERE HAVE recently been published as news telegrams in New York papers certain startling items concerning the Bible prophecies, based upon the calculations of an instructor at Yale. These telegrams, I sincerely hope, have made the judicious authorities of that College grieve as much as they have made others grieve. The accomplished army officer, now connected with Yale, who seems to be responsible for them, or for the statements contained in them, is, I am told, a very good sort of fellow, with what may be called a prophetic 'fad.' Everybody who knows this excellent young man knows his absorption in studies and calculations of this nature. They are very ingenious and perfectly harmless calculations, I dare say, when confined to the family circle. But when their results are sent forth to the world with the *quasi* endorsement of a great University—an endorsement, of course, which both the calculator and the University would promptly disclaim,—they are, not to put too fine a point upon it, absurd and pernicious. Certain minds with a talent for arithmetic, and a love for the coincidental and the magical, will always delight in treating the Bible, as well as Shakespeare, Dante and other 'world literatures,' in the way that the Yale instructor—who is not employed there for that purpose—treats certain facts of the Bible. There is a scholarly side to this sort of thing; there is also a nonsensical, sensational and superstitious side. No good will come to Yale by seeming to countenance this kind of prophetic criticism, no matter how innocent and devout may be the young man who indulges in it.

HAS ANY MAN in America, the Lounger would like to know, the art of presiding at a social gathering that George William Curtis has? Where else is there—for just this social office—his equal in dignity, grace, tact and the oratory exactly needed for the occasion? While pausing for an answer, I may remark that I happened to see no notice in the press of the most important thing said by Theodore Thomas at the farewell and *auf Wiedersehen* dinner given to him recently at Delmonico's, at which Mr. Curtis presided. Mr. Thomas said that we had learned in New York properly to appreciate all the great composers except Brahms and Wagner: Brahms we underestimated, and Wagner we overestimated. While he honored Wagner, he did not think he should dominate the concert hall (as Wagner himself said, though he did not live up to it). Mr. Thomas added that he wanted to see in America more love for music and less mere hero-worship. Before this he had highly praised, among others, the late Mr. Bergmann; who, he declared, had 'gone to pieces' in New York, for lack of proper support, and because there was then 'no Chicago to go to'!

MOST of the speakers seemed to be 'casting an anchor to windward,' so to speak—throwing out hopes for Mr. Thomas's return. But Mr. Carnegie appeared to think that he was going to a great field of usefulness in the West, and that revolutions of that sort do not turn backward.

AN ENGLISHMAN hands me a letter written by the late armless and legless Arthur M. Kavanagh, to whom I referred a week or two ago, and to whom the leading review in this week's *Critic* is devoted. The letter was written from Borris House, Mr. Kavanagh's Irish home, in 1868, and the writing, while not as neat as that facsimiled for the *Life* published by Macmillan & Co., is quite as legible. I wish that all of my correspondents wrote as plain a hand. The gentleman who owns the letter says that he has often seen Mr. Kavanagh carried into the House of Commons and deposited in his seat. His recollection of him is that of 'a mere trunk, on which was a gigantic head, with a rather ferocious face.' Special privileges were granted him in the House: the entrance of his servant, who brought him in and took him out; another, permission to speak sitting. When on horseback he was strapped in the saddle. He was certainly an extraordinary man, so handicapped to have run the race of life with such success.

'WAS MR. R. L. STEVENSON's recently published "Ballads" as complete as the author intended?' asks *The Pall Mall Gazette*. 'I believe that a book of my ballads is just out in London,' he is reported to have said, 'and I am sorry for it; but I had kept the press standing so long that I gave my publishers the choice of going ahead with the book, or waiting for more matter, and I fear the extra matter did not reach them in time.' So far as the Scribner edition is concerned, I think I may say that it is complete. The type was kept locked up for six months while the proofs

passed back and forth over the ocean. 'The fact seems to be,' *The Pall Mall* observes, 'that luxuriating on a lovely island in the Pacific amidst perpetual sunshine, with garlands of tropical flowers around your head, is hardly conducive to the systematic and punctual production of "copy." Although Mr. Stevenson's new novel—"The Wreckers"—is now due in serial form, it is not yet completed in manuscript. When the mails left, Mr. Stevenson was said to be pegging away at its concluding chapters in a Sydney hotel.'

'NOT LONG AGO,' writes Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, 'I saw in a collection of epitaphs published in England the following:—

Under this sod,
Beneath these trees
Lyeth the pod
Of Solomon Pease.
Pease is not here
But only his pod;
He shelled out his soul
Which went straight to his God.

Now I happen to know that this is not a genuine epitaph. It was invented by the late Mrs. Delano Goddard, for so many years Boston correspondent of the *Worcester Spy*. At a little gathering the talk fell upon epitaphs, and the company were called upon to show their wit in making characteristic specimens. This was Mrs. Goddard's; she herself told me so. But I heard one the other day that is vouched for as genuine. It is to be found in Camden, Maine, and is carved upon the marble headstone over a pair of twins that died a few days after birth, having been fed on nothing but catnip tea.

They tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up;
They turned their little heads aside,
Disgusted with the world, and died.'

'SPEAKING of the manufacture of epitaphs,' continues Mr. Dole, 'reminds me of an odd thing that happened years ago. The late Bayard Taylor, Mr. Stoddard and another well-known poet met once (so I was told), and began to talk about the praise that was lavished upon them. They agreed each to write a poem made up of the most arrant possible nonsense, but couched in very high-sounding verse, and see how it would be received. They did so, and were delighted to find that their efforts had been rewarded; the discriminating critics discovered in them meanings worthy of those extracted by the maddest Browningites from the obscurest of his misprints.'

THE ARTICLE by Col. Higginson to which I referred last week appeared, not in *The Independent*, but in *The Christian Union*—a fact which shows how dangerous it is to trust to memory instead of marking with the paper's name any clipping you may lay aside for future use.

In October

I DREAMED one day an army passed along
With many-colored banners streaming free
And many rounds of wild and marshal song;
In all it seemed most fair and gay to me.
And yet, I said, they do but go to death,
This bright array. They soon will scattered lie
O'er hills and meadow-lands, the merry breath
Of life all fled,—who march so proudly by.
And then it seemed I was but dreaming half;
For low and clear
Beside my ear
Rang Autumn's mocking laugh.
I looked, and lo! I knew it otherwise;
I saw the gay sabbath of the trees
Flaunt reds and golds beneath October skies,
And heard the stirring anthem of the breeze;
I saw the haze like clouds of azure dust
Afloat in air where many feet have trod;
I saw the iron-weed and mullen thrust
Tall spears mid lines of gleaming golden-rod.
There came a menace drear of winter then;
I felt a smart
Within my heart,
And Autumn mocked again.

INDIANAPOLIS.

BESSIE HENDRICKS.

The Fine Arts

The Society of American Artists

MR. SARGENT'S 'Beatrice,' a portrait of a child in a flowered silk dress, rightfully holds the place of honor at the Thirteenth Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. Its extreme cleverness alone would entitle it to the place; but it is much more than mere surface painting, and this little girl will live on the canvas long after her other self has grown up to woman's estate. This picture would be well worth going to see by itself, but there are numerous other works of distinction; and there is hardly one in the exhibition that is not deserving of praise. Among other good portraits must be mentioned Mr. Chase's of a young girl in white, in a dancing pose; Mr. Frank W. Benson's of girl in pink; Mr. E. C. Tarbell's 'Opal,' a young woman partly illuminated by the red light from a shaded lamp—an audacious and very successful study; Mr. Thayer's half-length of a girl standing; and Mr. H. O. Walker's 'Head of a Young Girl.' The last mentioned artist has an ideal figure of 'Truth,' with her conventional hand-mirror, which is not up to his usual mark. (His 'David' has already been noticed in *The Critic*.)

Neither can we praise unreservedly Mr. Kenyon Cox's 'Pursuit of the Ideal,' in which the pursuer in (or rather out of) a red cloak has been tripped up by a bush, while his Ideal, in the shape of a buxom, flaxen-haired beauty, shoots up to heaven as if propelled from a catapult, leaving the last vestige of earthly dross behind her in the shape of her single white garment. One must recognize the presence of good drawing in the foreshortened figures, and of decorative color and a clever arrangement of masses; but when a painter undertakes to tell a story, no matter how trite, he should avoid suggesting an altogether different one. The composition, too, reminds one of some Italian of the Decadence, and though bold, does not seem original. Mr. Cox, to our mind, has done much better in his 'May,' which is a simple study of the nude. Mr. J. Alden Weir has, perhaps, likewise stumbled over an allegory in his 'Open Book.' That the young woman's *deshabille* and the open volume on her lap are intended, between them, to convey some meaning seems clear, but it is not so clear what the meaning can be. The tones are a trifle chalky, and the drawing is characterless.

Mr. W. A. Coffin's 'The Rain' is an excellent study of atmospheric effect. The deluge coming on over the low hill and across the level foreground is painted with realizing subtlety and force. But it is not a picture. There are many good landscape studies in the exhibition which show that the artists are careless about composition, even to the extent of not troubling to find subjects naturally well composed. Doubtless it is better to study an effect as thoroughly as Mr. Coffin has done than to produce the conventional studio landscape; but composition should not be neglected. It is well to begin with nature; but one should go on with art. Mr. George H. Bogert's 'Mist and Sunshine' on the banks of a French river, is a brilliant bit of painting; the late D. M. Bunker's 'Clover Field,' Mr. H. W. Butler's 'Breakers,' Mr. John S. Conway's 'Monte Gennaro,' a clever little study of luxuriant foreground foliage; Mr. Ruger Donoho's 'Edge of the Clearing,' with red scrub-oaks flaming in the sunlight; Childe Hassam's 'Moonlight' over rocks and sea, and 'Midsummer' sunshine on sea and poppies; John LaFarge's study of purple mountain peaks in the Hawaiian Islands, Will. H. Low's 'A Woodland Glade,' with figures; Mr. Frank A. Luques's 'A French Garden,' Mr. W. L. Metcalf's 'Summer Afternoon,' looking over the tiled roofs of a French village; Mr. Walter Nettleton's 'Breton Lane in Winter,' deep in snow; Mr. Chas. A. Platt's equally successful 'Winter Landscape' and New Hampshire Meadows in Winter; Mr. D. W. Tryon's 'A Sketch' of meadows with blue gentians in the foreground, Mr. F. P. Vinton's evening effect 'On the Loing, France,' Mr. Henry C. White's 'Birches' and Mr. John L. Breck's 'Woodland Brook,' full as an emerald of green reflections, all merit detailed descriptions, if space were to be had.

Mr. T. W. Dewing's 'Spring'—young women in an upland field gathering flowers—is exquisite in color and well composed out of few elements. Childe Hassam's 'Electric Light' on snow and cabmen, and Mr. Tarbell's 'A Girl in Striped Gown' cannot be passed over, though many good things must be. Nor must Mr. Bunker's portrait of his wife—his last work—which has been bought by the Society and certain non-professional friends of the painter for presentation to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This is draped in black. There is a notable show of sculpture. Mr. St. Gaudens's portrait in low relief of Miss Violet Sargent, Mr. Boyle's two portrait busts, Mr. Dallin's 'Awakening of Spring,' Mr. D. C. French's portrait busts, and Mr. Edmund A. Stewardson's 'Bather' are excellent works.

It is hoped that the next exhibition of the Society will take place

in its new building, the drawings for which are shown in the outer gallery.

Mr. Shirlaw's Paintings at the Century Club

AT AN EXHIBITION of oil-paintings and water-colors by Mr. Walter Shirlaw, at the Century Club, there are about one hundred examples ranging from studies made many years ago at Munich to very recent work. The latter shows that the painter has not remained uninfluenced by the general progress of his art towards the use of clearer tones and a higher key of color. His sketches in Montana, of landscapes with hastily indicated figures, and several of his decorative compositions contrasted with his large picture 'Sheep-shearing,' show a very great advance in rendering light and atmosphere; and a closer attention to values has resulted in more satisfactory modelling. But his special gifts are now what they always have been—a decorative swing of line and a rare power of catching the expression, in both face and figure, of the fullest enjoyment of life. Nothing can be much finer in both respects than his upright panels 'Sleep' and 'Night.' A certain rich and luscious coloration which harmonizes very well with his peculiar draughtsmanship is more marked in smaller pictures, such as 'The Toilette' and 'A Sunflower.'

Fans at the Grolier Club

THE GROLIER CLUB, having exhausted the world of books, has fallen back upon fans for the material of its latest exhibition. A number of private collectors have temporarily given up their chief treasures to make up the show of artistic fans now disposed about its rooms. The materials are sandal-wood, gold lacquer, ivory, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, etc. The French fans of the reigns of Louis XIV., XV. and XVI. are the most artistic. Some are painted with Bible scenes or classical subjects on silk, others are decorated in vernis Martin, or are carved and gilded in the affected Chinese taste of the eighteenth century. There are English fans, Revolutionary fans, a fan with portraits of Lafayette and Marie Antoinette, and a collection of engraved designs for fans lent by Mr. S. P. Avery. The exhibitors are Mrs. J. W. Pinchot, Mrs. Josephine May, Mrs. F. Rhinelander Jones, Mrs. Franklyn, Miss Lazarus, Miss Breese, Miss C. Furniss, Mrs. R. M. Hunt, Mrs. Marquand, Mrs. Pierre Barlow, Mrs. S. P. Avery, Mrs. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Bowdoin, Miss Jones, Mrs. Sidney Webster, Mr. Robert Hoe, Mr. Peter Marié, Tiffany & Co., Howard & Co., and Mr. Woernicke.

The Metropolitan Museum Petition

WE HAVE already called attention to the fact that the following petition is being widely circulated in this city:—'The undersigned residents of New York join in petitioning the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to open the Museum to the public on Sunday afternoons.' Considerably more than 10,000 signatures have been appended to this appeal, and it is heartily to be hoped that it will receive the favorable attention of the body to which it is addressed. The Rev. Charles H. Eaton of the Church of the Paternity has strongly endorsed the movement from his pulpit, and so has the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton. There can be no argument against it that would not hold equally well against the opening of the parks on Sunday. The parks have to be policed on that day as well as, if not more than, on others; yet it is not urged that they should be closed, in order to permit the policemen to go to church. The hardship would be even less in the case of the attendants at the Museum, for they would be able to attend religious services in the morning or evening, if they so desired.

It is understood that comparatively few working people visit the Museum in the evening, when they might do so, if they wished; and this fact has been brought up as an indication that the Museum would not be generally visited by the same class of people if it were open on Sunday afternoons. It must be remembered, however, that after a long and hard day's work one is usually too fatigued to undertake a journey to Central Park, and the very exhausting exercise of viewing the treasures displayed in a large Museum like the Metropolitan. On Sunday afternoon, on the contrary, tens of thousands of such people are actually in the Park, and a very large percentage of that number would doubtless jump at the chance of seeing the paintings and other works of art housed in the building of which they themselves are part owners. The decision of this question rests with the Trustees, who are at liberty to remove their collections from the City's building, if they see fit. It is unlikely, however, that they will take so extreme a course, even to avoid losing certain legacies, actual or prospective, which, it is understood, are conditioned upon the Museum's not being opened on the first day of the week.

From a circular issued in connection with the petition, we extract these words:—

President Henry G. Marquand, at the opening of the southern wing of the Museum, said:—'It is the object of the Trustees to provide instruction for the *industrial classes*. This building is as much intended for the humblest artisan in wood and metals as for the most luxurious patron of the fine arts.' And on the same occasion Vice-President Wm. C. Prime said:—'Here the poor shall be happy.' We contend for the Sunday opening of the Museum in order that it may become a more universal and more available means of 'public education' than it can be now. We want it open on Sundays, so that 'the *industrial classes*' can have a chance to go there and be instructed and 'the poor' to go and be made happy. The 'industrial classes' and 'the poor' work six days in the week, and only on Sunday have they sufficient time and adequate strength of body and freshness of mind to go to the Museum and there find pleasure and profit.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE following subscriptions were received by Treasurer Wm. R. Stewart, 54 William Street, during the week ending April 25:—
\$200:—John B. Trevor.
\$150:—R. H. Macy & Co. (additional).
\$100 each:—Mrs. Woodbury Langdon, Otis Bros. & Co. (additional), James Slater (additional).
\$75:—H. T. Livingston (additional).
\$50 each:—Frederick deP. Foster (additional), Sweetser, Pembroke & Co. (additional).
\$25 each:—John Pettit, A. L. Ashman (additional).
\$13.90:—Cash-box returns.
Total subscriptions to April 25, \$99,518.63. Amount still needed, \$16,481.37.

Notes

READERS of *The Critic* who have wondered who the new Boston correspondent is, whose letters in the April numbers of this paper have appeared over the initial 'W,' will be interested in learning that the successor of the lamented Mr. Alexander Young, is Mr. Charles Edgar Lewis Wingate of the Boston *Journal*, author of 'An Impossible Possibility' and 'Can Such Things Be?' Mr. Wingate is a Harvard A.B. (1883), and a contributor to *Lippincott's*, *Belford's*, *Our Little Ones*, etc. He continues his sketches of Shakespeare's heroines on the stage by following his article on 'Famous Hermiones,' published in the January *Cosopolitan*, with an article in the May issue on 'The Cleopatras of the Stage.'

—M. Paul Blouët ('Max O'Rell') will leave Europe in October next for a third lecture tour of six months in the United States, to be immediately followed by a twelve months' tour in the Australian colonies. This will be his farewell tour.

To-morrow's publications in the newspapers of the McClure syndicate will include a paper by Prof. James Bryce on the international questions involved in the New Orleans lynching, Lord Wolseley's article on Gen. Sherman, and essays or fiction by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Miss Ellen Terry, Messrs. Stevenson, Haggard, Conan Doyle and Marion Crawford.

—Geo. Routledge & Sons have now ready the thirteenth edition of 'Men and Women of the Time,' brought down to date by Mr. George Washington Moon.

—'The Maid of Honor,' a new novel by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. Although the French Revolution furnishes the background of the novel, it is understood to be a story of general rather than historical interest, with a climax of great power.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce 'We All,' by Octave Thanet, an illustrated book, in their series of 'Good Books for Young Readers'; 'Tournalin's Time Cheques,' by F. Anstey; 'From Sunshine to Shadow,' by the Marquis of Lorne; 'Consequences,' a novel by Egerton Castle; Baldwin's 'Applied Psychology and Art of Teaching'; Herbart's 'Psychology'; 'A Descriptive Guide-Book to Canada,' including full accounts of the opportunities for sportsmen and tourists, by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet; and 'North America,' being Vol. XV. of Reclus's 'The Earth and Its Inhabitants.'

—The father of Rudyard Kipling is about to publish a book entitled 'Beast and Man in India.' It will contain nearly 150 illustrations. Mr. Kipling has traveled and sketched in nearly every part of India.

—At the second and last of the Authors' Readings for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association, last week, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of *The Christian Union*, introduced the speakers—Prof. H. H. Boyesen, Robert Underwood Johnson,

Frank R. Stockton, Samuel L. Clemens, Will Carleton and John Kendrick Bangs. Prof. Boyesen read a short sketch, 'The Little Chap'; Mr. Johnson three poems, 'A Spring Prelude,' 'As a Bell in a Chime' and 'Love's in the Calendar'; and Mr. Bangs a selection from an unpublished work called 'The Idiot at the Breakfast-Table.' Mr. Carleton's recitation of his poem, 'The Death Bridge of the Tay,' was loudly applauded, and Mark Twain, after relating the story of 'A Scotch-Irish Christening,' was forced to tell his whistling story to satisfy his hearers. Mr. Stockton read a scene from his story, 'The Squirrel Inn.'

—Lord Houghton is following in his father's footsteps, and is on the point of bringing out a volume of 'Stray Verses.' Mr. Murray being the publisher.

—Mr. E. L. Burlingame, editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, sailed for Europe with his wife on the *Augusta Victoria*, which left New York on Thursday of this week. He goes for a brief holiday. Mr. John D. Champlin, Jr., sailed on the same ship, with the intention of travelling in Germany, Belgium and Holland until June, when he will go to London. About the end of the month he will join Mr. Carnegie in a trip to Scotland, where he will pass what is left of the summer. Mr. F. N. Doubleday, the business manager of *Scribner's*, returned last Saturday from a sojourn of several months in Europe.

—The American Museum of Natural History has been enriched by a library containing almost 11,000 volumes, valued at \$15,000—the gift of Mrs. M. Schuyler Elliot, widow of Dr. S. Lowell Elliot, and intended as a memorial to her husband, who was a well-known entomologist.

—The memoirs of Jenny Lind were published in London on April 23. They are edited by Canon Holland and W. S. Rockstro from letters, documents and diaries belonging to her husband. The two volumes give her history up to the time of her marriage. In early life she had a strong antipathy to a dramatic career. Writing to her father in 1842 she expressed the desire that God would save her from being obliged to sing on the stage. During her whole life there was a gradual increase of religious feeling, which doubtless induced her early retirement from the stage. The work includes accounts of the singer written by the Queen and Mme. Schumann; it also gives the cadenzas which the singer employed, and her correspondence with Mendelssohn. A footnote contains an account of Jenny Lind's chief public appearances after her fatal journey to America.

—It is about three years since Mr. Charles L. Webster withdrew from the firm which bears his name, and the ill-health which led to his retirement caused his death last Sunday, at a comparatively early age. He was a civil engineer, and for some time was associated with Samuel L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'), his wife's uncle, in the engraving business. In 1884 Mr. Clemens and Mr. Webster formed the house of Chas. L. Webster & Co., Mr. Webster also acting as agent for the publishing-house of James R. Osgood & Co. The first book they brought out was Mark Twain's 'Huckleberry Finn.' The next was the *Grant Memoirs*, which made the firm famous. This was followed by the *McClellan Memoirs* and the *Life of Pope Leo XIII*. In 1887 Mr. Webster visited the Pope, who conferred upon him the title of Chevalier of the Order of Pius IX. Since his retirement he had lived, with his wife and children, at Fredonia, N. Y. His place in the firm was taken by Mr. Fred. J. Hall, who had been connected with it ever since it was established. Since its reorganization the house has published, among other works, the *Library of American Literature*, by Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson, and the *Sheridan and Sherman Memoirs*.

—Mr. Frederick W. Christern, who died on Friday, April 24, at his home, 410 West 20th Street, was one of the oldest foreign booksellers in this country, having been born in Lauenberg, Germany, in 1817. He came to America in 1850 and went into business as a bookseller in connection with his brother-in-law, Mr. Rudolph Garrigue, now President of the Germania Fire Insurance Co. In 1852 he established a store in Philadelphia, but returned to New York in 1857, where he has resided ever since. His place at 254 Fifth Avenue has long been resort for literary and scientific men. He leaves a wife and two daughters. His niece is Mrs. Leopold of *The Publishers' Weekly*.

—The annual Washington meeting of the American Tract Society was held last Sunday evening in the First Congregational Church. Ex-Judge William Strong, President of the Society, presided, and addresses were made by Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, and the Rev. William A. Rice, Secretary of the Society. The Society's receipts for the year were, in round numbers, \$305,000. The Society has issued, in the sixty-six years of its existence, 7,583 distinct publications in this country and 4,593

in foreign countries. It has just completed fifty years of colporter work, during which the number of volumes thus circulated has been 15,560,245; public meetings addressed, 466,750; families visited, 15,630,020; families found without the Bible, 691,816. Its appropriations for work in foreign fields have amounted to more than \$700,000.

—A number of well-known actors and actresses are to take part in a performance of 'As You Like It' on the lawn at Castle Point, Hoboken—the Stevens homestead,—on Tuesday afternoon, June 16. The beneficiaries are to be St. Michael's Home, Mamaroneck, and St. Katherine's Home, Jersey City. The managers of the entertainment are Mrs. A. Alexander, Castle Point; Mrs. F. H. Weeks, 31 East 24th Street; Mrs. W. V. Chapin, 20 East 45th Street; and Miss Houghton, daughter of the Rev. Dr. G. H. Houghton, 3 East 29th Street.

—'Will you allow the "Sad Contemplator" to make an apology for a slip of the pen?' asks our correspondent of last week. 'She referred to four years as the period for study of law, while she knew perfectly well that two and three years were the periods usually demanded. Columbia used to demand two, and only lately demands three years. Probably the University of New York only demands two.' The course covers two terms of eight months each.

—Dr. William Elliot Griffis delivered his lecture, 'How the Foundation Stones of American History were Laid,' at Rutgers College on April 25 and at Union on April 28, having previously given it at Yale, Wellesley and Williams. The general thesis is, that we are an English-speaking people but a Teutonic nation, and that our political institutions were derived not from monarchical England, but largely from the Dutch Republic. The important part in the making of our country by non-English people is also shown.

—In the revised Bible, issued during the past decade, the recommendations of the American revisers were printed in the margin of each page, and it was agreed that the revision should appear in no other form for fourteen years. In 1895, however, if Dr. Schaff can get the co-operation of the American Bible Society, an edition of the Book will be issued with the American readings embodied in the text and the English relegated to an appendix. The Board will be asked to print such an edition and sell it to buyers who prefer the work in that form. The ranks of the American revisers are being rapidly thinned by death.

—The Students' Committee of Barnard College again offers a competitive Free Scholarship for the best examination for entrance into the Freshman class. The examinations begin on June 1. For further particulars address the Registrar, 343 Madison Ave.

—The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society asks for illustrated weekly papers, books, novels, magazines and German reading of all kinds, for distribution in hospitals and other institutions. The Society has furnished reading matter gratuitously to 136 institutions during the year, especially to the large hospitals, prisons, etc., on the 'islands,' where boxes of books and papers are sent weekly, and are eagerly and gratefully read. Gifts of reading matter may be sent to 21 University Place.

—At the sale of the postage-stamps of August Lehmann, Jr., by Bangs & Co., last week, a five-cent *Caucus* (Columbia) provisional stamp of 1879 brought \$326. Only five of this issue are extant.

LIFE says:—If one looks over the completed story for the reasons for its notable success, one will be most impressed with its intensity as the chief factor in that success. The story opens on a plane of deep emotional force, and never for a chapter does it sink below that level.

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* * List of Spring Publications sent on application.

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The bound volumes of THE CRITIC afford every half year the best and compactest literary record that a public or private library can put on its shelves. There is no other publication in America that rivals THE CRITIC in its field.—New York Sun.

—The first volume of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* will be shortly completed by the publication of the second part of Professor Meitzen's work on Statistics.

—A perpetual injunction has lately been issued by Judge McCormick of the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Texas, against the sale of the Webster's Dictionary reprints by the T. H. Robinson Stationery Co. The defendants were required to pay to the complainants \$125 damages, and to bear the cost of the suit.

—A. C. McClung & Co. announce 'Monk and Knight,' a novel by the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus.

—The will of William P. Hazleton, who died at Tarrytown last week, leaves to the city of Stockton, Cal., \$75,000 in trust for a public library, and \$1,000 to the Stockton public schools, to be used in purchasing silver medals.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Ammen, D.	The Old Navy and the New.	\$3	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Auringer, O. C.	Heart of the Golden Roan.	75c	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Baron, D.	Jewish Problem.	60c	F. H. Revell Co.
Beal, E. A.	Information Readers.		Boston: School Supply Co.
Bouton, J. R.	Enchanted.	\$1.50	Cassell Pub. Co.
Brentano, L.	Relation of Labor to the Law of To-Day.		Tr. by P. Sherman. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Cahill, M. E.	Her Playthings, Men.		W. Thompson Co.
Carroll, L.	Hunting of the Snark.		Macmillan & Co.
Chapin, F. H.	Mountaineering in Colorado.	\$2.	Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.
Clowes, W. L.	Black America.	\$1.50	Cassell Pub. Co.
Cole, C.	Auroraphone.	50c	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Crane, T. F.	Chansons Populaires.	\$1.50	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
D'Anvers, N.	The Story of Early Man.	40c	T. Whittaker.
D'Anvers, N.	The Story of Our Earth.	40c	T. Whittaker.
Darwin, C.	Geological Observations.		D. Appleton & Co.
Dole, C. F.	The American Citizen.	\$1.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Eastman, M. F.	Biography of Dio Lewis.		Fowler & Wells Co.
Fairchild, M. A.	Woman and Health.	\$2.50	Quincy, Ill.: M. A. Fairchild.
Fawcett, E.	A New York Family.	\$1.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Galeigh.	The Hermit's Tale.		John B. Alden.
Harland, H.	Grandison Mather.	50c	Cassell Pub. Co.
Harper, W. R.	and Tolman, H. C.	The Gallic War.	American Book Co.
Hegner, H. F.	Young Scientist.		Columbia Pub. Co.
Holland, H. S.	and Rockstr., W. S.	Memoirs of Jenny Lind.	2 vols. \$7.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
			Phila.: The Association.
			A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Indian Rights Association.	Report for 1890.		Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Kellogg, S. H.	Book of Leviticus.		San Francisco: S. Drew & Co.
Kipling, R.	Wee Willie Winkie, etc.		Cassell Pub. Co.
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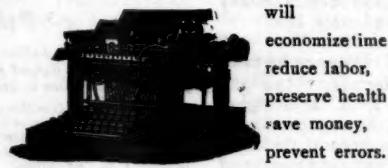


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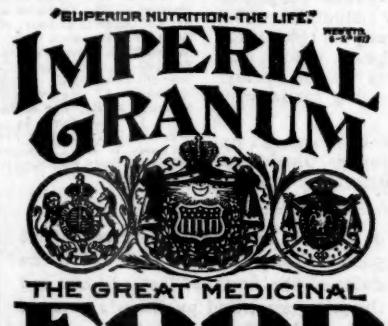
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